

RUFINUS:
OR AN 8
HISTORICAL ESSAY
ON THE
Favourite-Ministry
UNDER
THEODOSIUS the Great
AND
His Son ARCADIUS.

To which is added
A VERSION of Part of *Claudian's Rufinus*.

*Nimios optabat honores,
Et nimias poscebat opes; numerosa parabat
Excelsæ Turris tabulata, unde altior esset
Casus, & impulsæ præceps immane ruina.*

Juv. Sat. 10.

EDINBURGH,
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his Shop, next Door to the Red-Lyon, oppo-
site to the Lucken-booths. 1712. (Price 4 d.)

REVISED

HISTORICAL

OF THE

FAVOURITE



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JOHN

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TIS said of *Henry the Fourth of France*, Great Grandfather to *Her present Majesty of Britain*, that he was *Grand Roy sans Favori*, and a more glorious Character cannot be given of a Prince. For it supposes him sufficient to act by his own *Counsels*, and to controul his own *Passions*, which *Machiavel* calls the *Perfection of Princely Wisdom*, and which only can answer that great End of Government, the *impartial Distribution of Favour and Justice*.

But those Reigns have ever proved *unfortunate*, to say no worse, where Princes have implicitly
(Sullys mean A 20 years Cont resigned
13 to a few chaps

resigned themselves into the Hands of *Favourites* and *Minions*, the Corrupters of Government, and the *evil Genii* of Crowns.

The *Greek* and *Roman* Historians every where inform us, that they have been found *Grievances* in all Ages, and that these false Friends have sullied the Glory of Princes more than the rankest and most inveterate Enemies of Monarchy. *Some*, we read, after being raised from nothing to the greatest Honours and Riches, have had the Brutality in the midst of Favour to attempt the Murder of their Sovereigns with their own Hands. *Others* have banished them from a glorious *Metropolis*, and the Seat of *universal Empire*, into little desert *Islands*. *Others* have imprisoned them in their own Palaces, and produced them only now and then to serve a particular Turn, or like *Pageants* to grace a *mimick Triumph*. *Others* after deceiving *mild Emperors* into Acts of Tyranny, have had the Insolence to give them opprobrious Language for offering to debate with them, or for shewing any Reluctance when they were compelled to sign sanguinary and unnatural Edicts against their Subjects. But of all the *Favourites* that are branded to Posterity by the *Ancients*, for I meddle not with *modern Instances*, there is none, whose Story, some *Circumstances* considered, is better

ter worth our present Recollection than that of
Rufinus. De sig. lo Reprock Church & D:marleburgh

'Twere indeed to be wished, that the Writers
 of his Age had delivered down the Transacti-
 ons of it with more Certainty. But the short
Essay I have here drawn from the most Au-
 thentick of them, imperfect as it is, will fur-
 nish many solid and useful Reflections.

Rufinus then was a native of Gaul, but so
 mean and obscure, that none of the Historians
 have been able to deduce his Pedigree; and
 we find little mention of him 'till he was made
Captain of the Guards to Theodosius the Great.
 'Tis probable his Beginnings in the Military
Service were much lower, and more suitable
 to his Extraction; but by what ways and means
 he was advanced from them into this Post, we
 are not told. Perhaps they were too flagrant
 to be named. However that be, he at last
 became *Primier Minister* and *Sole Favourite*.

He had all the Endowments and Advanta-
 ges Nature could give him, except that of
Birtb. His Person (according to *Nisephorus*)
 was tall and beautiful, his Temper composed
 and sedate, his Address smooth and affable,
 his Conversation subtle and insinuating, which
 fitted him wond' rfully for the Intrigues of
 a Court. But his Elevation quite turned his
 Head, and instead of making a right Use of
 it

it by behaving himself with *Gratitude* and Acknowledgment to his Prince, with Regard and Decency to his Superiors, he grew *treacherous* to the one, and insolent to the other. He began to forget his Original, to neglect his old Friends, to swell with an Opinion of his own Sufficiency, and to talk loudly of his Services and Deserts, to flatter his Ambition and Avarice with unbounded Prospects, and in the end to entertain Thoughts even of the Sovereign Power.

In order to accomplish which, he found it necessary to remove Men of Resolution, Worth and Probity, from the Court, and to fill their Places with such as were of more moderate, obsequious, and ductile Principles.

The first Attempt he made of this Kind was upon *Promotus*, one of *Theodosius's* Generals, who had a little before defeated a *Body of Barbarians*, and obtained a *signal and wonderful Victory*, which greatly eclipsed the Glory of *Rufinus*; and had it been gained by him, or any of his *Creatures*, wou'd have been distinguished with *Grants* and *Titles*. But *Promotus* found very different Effects from it; he was not only denied Favour at Court, but envied and traduced there, for having receiv'd the *Thanks* and *Congratulations* of the People on his Return to *Constantinople*. All this Merit could
not

not defend a *brave and successful Officer* from the vile Insinuations and Calumnies of a *jealous Favourite*. He was a Man of a fiery enterprising Genius, forward in Action, and fearless in Danger, so far conscious of his own Services, as to require Justice, and to resent Injuries. *Zosimus* calls him ἀνδρα πλεονεξία καὶ κρείττονα &c. *A Man above the Temptation of Money, who served his Country and his Prince without mean and sordid Views.*

Tatianus and *Proculus*, Men in great Posts and of a considerable Family, were the next Eye-sores to him. Their just and impartial Execution of their Offices was a constant Reflection on his evil Administration. He therefore took care to mis-represent them too to the Emperor, and in a short time by his false Accusations and other perfidious Artifices accomplished their Ruin, to the great Detriment of the Publick, which lost a *Patriot* in the one and a *General* in the other.

But his Malice was not confined to *single Persons*; He knew how to depopulate whole Cities, and was the Adviser of that inhuman and barbarous Massacre of *Theffalonica*, wherein not less than Seven Thousand Persons were sacrificed. For, to promote any Design, Men's Lives were of little Consideration with him.

'Twas on this Occasion *St. Ambrose* excom-

municated *Theodosius*, and made him sensible of the enormous Crime he had committed in gratifying an unchristian Revenge with the Effusion of so much Blood. But *Rufinus*, who had been the Cause of all, was hardened in Impenitence, and insulted the Emperor's devout Contrition, which provoked St. *Ambrose* to rebuke him with the Indignation he deserved.

This excellent and truly primitive Bishop was not afraid of exerting his Authority against the Enemies of Religion, tho' never so great and powerful. And 'tis much to be lamented, that his glorious Example shines at so great a Distance, as to have lost all Influence on many of his Successors, who have acted with a nearer View to their temporal Advantages, than to their spiritual Trusts; and have not only given up the Ceremonies and Discipline of the Church, but, under the Mask of Moderation, and a more extensive Charity, have prostituted her essential and fundamental Rights to designing Atheistical Statesmen, and that too sometimes in opposition to the pious Intentions of religious Princes. But notwithstanding all their pretended Meekness and low Submissions to Laymen in Authority, they have frequently betrayed their Love of Dominion over their Clergy, and to gratify their Revenge, or to

serve

serve their Interests, have not scrupled to stretch their *Imperial Power* into a more than *Papal Tyranny*.

But what is most wonderful and worthy our Observation is, *Theodosius* all along retained a good Opinion of *Rufinus*, and at his Death appointed him *Governor* to his Son *Arcadius*: Which, as it is the greatest Blemish in his Character, so it is a clear Demonstration, that no Prince can be secure from the Poyson of *such Vipers*, when once admitted into his Bosom. For *Theodosius* (notwithstanding the Detraction of the *Pagan Historians*, who every where traduce *Christianity* and the Professors of it) is justly recommended as a Patern of Kingly Virtues, and in most Things deserving the Imitation of all *Christian Princes*, especially in his great Regard to the Honour and *Discipline of the Church*, as in the Case now mentioned.

Rufinus after the Death of *Theodosius* was in Reality Emperor of the East, and *Arcadius* only nominally so, tho' a Prince adorned with every Vertue, of a Soul truly Royal, of an Heart *entirely Roman*. He acted without controul, disposed of all Offices, put in and turned out, pardoned and punished at Pleasure. He was, in a Word, possessed of unlimited Power, and exercised it at large over the Nobility and the Populace, who were now both miserably

serably degenerated from the Virtue and Glory of their Ancestors. The Dignity of the *Patrician Order* was in a great Measure extinguished. The *Plebeians Rights* and Privileges were grossly invaded. The *Laws of the Twelve Tables* (the *Magna Charta* of the Romans) were no longer held sacred, but openly and scandalously violated. The Constitution, and even the *Roman Name* itself, was in Danger of being totally abolished.

The *Senate*, that is the Majority of it, was become little better than a Collection of Pensioners, Preferment-Hunters, Boy-Politicians, Sham-Patriots, Peti-Orators, and Court-Slaves; who, like the Members of the present *Parliaments of France*, being divested of their original Senatorian Authority, had lost all sense of Justice, all Freedom of Voting, all that Force of Eloquence, that Spirit of Liberty, which animated the *old Romans*, and made them the Terror of Arbitrary and Tyrannical Power. No Proceedings were too violent, no Decrees too unjust, no Prosecutions too sanguinary; no Resolutions too absurd, no Actions, no *Managements* too profligate for them, when they were executing the Commands of their great Lord and Master *Rufinus*. They were grown odious in the Eyes of the People, and contemptible in the Opinion of him they served; whose Policy was first to make Men prostitute

their

their Characters in his Drudgery, that he might afterwards discard them at Pleasure, without Apprehension of Danger from their Interests. *Tiberius* had not more Reason to laugh at the base Compliance of the Senate in his Time, when he cryed out, *O homines ad servitutem paratos! O Beasts of Burthen!* than *Rufinus* had at the slavish Condescensions of this. But it may be urged in Apology for the former (tho' *Tacitus* makes a very severe Reflection upon them, *Scilicet etiam illum, qui publicam libertatem nollit, tam projecta servitutum patientia tadebat.* Such abject contented Slaves were nauseous, even to a Tyrant; and *Suetonius* gives them no better Character, *Precantem Senatum, & procumbentem sibi ad genua ambiguis responsis & collida cunctatione suspendens.* The Emperor vouchsafed not to answer the flattering Addresses of the Senate, meanly begging and prostrate at his Feet.) I say, it may be urged in Apology for the former, that what they did was in Obedience to their Sovereign Princes; Whereas the latter acted in vile Submission to their Fellow-Subjects.

Nor was the Ecclesiastical Polity less corrupt than the Civil. For tho' the Church had at this time a *St. Ambrose*, and some few more Fathers, both in the East and the West, who were Champions and ready to be Martyrs for her; yet the greater Number of her Pastors be-

gan to depart from the purity of her Doctrines, to renounce her Homilies, to relax her Canons, to encourage all sorts of erroneous *Opinions*, to preach up the fierce and unchristian Principles of *Rebellion*, instead of the meek and pacifick Precepts of the *Gospel*. 'Tis easy to conceive what Effect such *Indulgences* had in an Age inclinable to *Heresy* and *Schism*. Men grew wanton in Matters of Faith; ever one almost was for forming a Creed of his own, which however ridiculous and absurd, blasphemous and prophane, never wanted Profelytes. The *Free-thinkers*, as they styled themselves, treated the *Priesthood* with the utmost Contempt, and denyed the Sanction and Efficacy of their Office. They ridiculed the *Mysteries of Christianity*, as nothing but mere *Conjuration* and *Priestcraft*, and published without the least Censure their *undigested irreligious Libels*, stolen from old *heretical Authors*, and penned with more Assurance than Argument. The *inferior revolting Clergy*, in Defiance of their Duty and Canonical Obedience, reviled and maligned the *Orthodox Bishops*, and were openly recommended and applauded for it; whilst the true Sons of the Church were impeached and persecuted for detecting the Perils of these False Brethren, and asserting the Cause of Religion with a fearless and primitive Zeal. The *Arians*, and some of the more considerable *Sects*, (as Socra-

res Scholaſticus informs us) were become presumptuous enough to demand not a *Toleration* only, but a *publick Eſtabliſhment* of their Worship, and hoped to raile themselves on the Ruins of the Church. But *Arcadius*, lest they should have Expectations of Favour from the Throne, took Care to publish *several Edicts*, still extant in the *Codes*, against them, and to declare to the World, that as he had been educated in the *true Faith*, so he wou'd firmly adhere to it, and countenance only those of his own Perswasion. However *Rufinus* (knowing he could not support his wicked Administration, without subduing the Church as well as the State) gave an insolent Proof, his Power superseded these Promises, and forced the young Emperor for a time to retract his Royal Word. He pretended, that the *Hereticks and Schismaticks* were too numerous, and consequently too formidable a Body of Men to be disoblighd in the present Juncture of Affairs, that a rigorous Enforcement of the Laws would be interpreted a *Persecution*, and that a Reign of *Moderation* was more glorious than a Reign of *Justice*.

Thus *Rufinus* every where interposed, every where prevailed, and his Ambition for the present seemed fully satisfied, but his *Avarice* knew no Bounds. This was his Predominant Passion, which had for some time layn concealed, and now at length broke loose like a

pent Flame. He made his Power entirely subservient to it: All Preferments, Ecclesiastical, Civil and Military, were publicly exposed to Sale, and even the Determinations of private Property were bought and sold. He had *Informers* and *Evidences* in constant Pay, who were instructed on occasion to swear any thing, to accule any Body, to prove this Man a *Lunatick*, and that an *Ideot*. By which means he had the *Lives* and *Fortunes* of all the Subjects of the Empire at his Command. In a Word, his whole Administration was one continued Act of Rapine and Plunder; and, tho' it lasted but a few Years, he had by his *Grants* from *Arcadius*, *Contributions* from the Provinces, *Bribes* and *Extortions* from the People, heaped together so immeasurable a Mass of Wealth, that he grew too bulky for a Subject, and became dangerous to the Crown.

But notwithstanding his immoderate Love of Money, he had his Extravagancies, and seemed resolved to exceed all others, as much in Grandeur as he did in Power. This Vanity, often incident to sordid and penurious Natures, appeared chiefly in the Magnificence of his Buildings. For he erected *the most sumptuous and stately Palace* in the whole Empire; and so vast was the Expence of it, that the World with good Reason suspected he had

Recourse to the *Imperial Coffers*, whilst Works of greater Importance stood still for want of Money, and the *Royal Palaces* lay in Ruins. Historians have left us no particular Descriptions of *this House*, only (*Sozomen* says) in general, that it was *an immense and costly Fabrick*, built to perpetuate his Name and Family. But it happened to him, as it has since done to *Wolsey*, and others in *England*, that what he designed the Monument of his Greatness and Glory, proved one Occasion of his Disgrace and Ruin:

He affected nothing more than a perpetual Smoothness and Affability in his outward Behaviour; but underneath there lurked a persecuting and revengeful Soul, as I have already shewn in some Instances. I may add also the Tryal or *Impeachment* of *Lucianus* (described by *Zosimus* and others) black as any of his Cruelties, tho' it proved fatal to himself. For being both Accuser and Judge, contrary to the Nature of Justice, the Rules of Reason and the Forms of Law, he raised a general Discontent and Clamour throughout the Empire, which it was not in all his Subtily ever effectually to compose. The People of *Antioch*, where *Lucianus* resided, had him in great Esteem and Veneration, and when they found to what Extremities *Rufinus* was proceeding, they committed several Outrages, demanding Justice, and threatening Vengeance. *Rufinus* was

was not a little surprized to find his old Friends, the *Populace*, turned upon him, assuming a Spirit of Patriotism. He endeavour'd to sooth and appease their Rage by pretending, that *Lucianus* should be used with all Tenderness and Humanity; that he had not the least ill Intention against his Person, when he was at the same time actually taking away his Life. Such is the Modesty! Such are the Mercies of Politicians and Statesmen! But *Lucianus* wanted not an *Advocate* in the midst of his Sufferings, who to his immortal Honour, when others meanly shrunk and deserted him, durst undertake the Cause of persecuted Innocence, and with a Talent peculiar to himself, employed all the Powers of the most refined and exquisite Eloquence in his Vindication.

This Riot on the one Hand was condemned as no less a Crime than *Treason*; on the other it was excused as a just Remonstrance, and a *Case of Necessity*. However, to pass it over, and many more Particulars, which might be produced, he had now formed his *Grand Design* of marrying his Daughter to *Arcadius*. But Fortune, that had hitherto denied him nothing, (so at last she serves her greatest Darlings) forsook him here, and *Stilico* by his Agents at *Constantinople* found means of recommending another Lady, and en-

gaged the Emperor's Affections before *Rufinus* had the least Suspicion of it.

After this his Power began visibly to decline: The People freely arraigned his Mismanagements, exposed his *Corruptions*, and called aloud for *Restitution* and Justice. Some uttered *bold Speeches* in publick Assemblies, others privately wrote *Invectives* against him, and even his own *Slaves* defended him with less Zeal and Vigour than usual.

Stilico was too wise and vigilant a Statesman not to Improve this Opportunity to the utmost Advantage. He was of a more extended Genius, and better skill'd in the *Finesses*, the *Stratagems*, and the *Mysteries* of a deep and intricate Policy, than *Rufinus* himself. He was the Man in the World most capable of turning his own Weapons upon him, and making the very Means of his Advancement the Instruments of his Ruin; which he the more easily effected by the Assistance of the *Lady*, who by his Interest had been so highly preferred, and who now reigned absolute in the Heart of *Arcadius*. She employed her whole Influence in favour of him, and was abundantly convinced, that her own Life, as well as his, depended entirely on the Suppression of *Rufinus* and his Family. He could expect nothing but Revenge and Blood from a *disgraced and supplanted Statesman*, nor she any less from

Female disappointed Rival. Such Enemies were not to be appeased but destroyed.

All this while *Rufinus* observed their Motions with a strict and watchful Eye. He was so conscious of his own Guilt, so jealous in his Nature, that he apprehended every thing from *a Party*, which was now coming into full Power and Authority. *A Party*, tho' hitherto smaller in Number than his own, yet always more considerable in Esteem, being composed of Men of the first Rank, the largest Properties, and the greatest Abilities; Whom no Motives could induce to acquiesce tamely in the Grievances and Calamities of their Country; who could not without Horror reflect on the Consequences of an endangered Church, a subverted Constitution, an exhausted Treasury, and a *perpetual War*; who preserved the Principles of Religion, Honour and Loyalty in the worst of Times, even under his most detestable Ministry.

But he was not more mortified with the Apprehensions of his own Ruin, than with the Thoughts of *Stilico's* Grandeur and Reputation, and resolved, if possible, not to part from his Power without giving some Concussion to the State; which he conceived would most naturally be effected by calling in *Foreign Powers*. He therefore made a *secret League*, and *strict Alliance* with the *Goths, Huns*
and

and *Alans*. But his chief Dependance was on *Alaric* the *Goth*, a Prince and Hero of great Renown, who had commanded the *Confederate Barbarians*, inhabiting the Banks of the *Danube*, in that memorable Victory obtained near the *Julian Alps* over the Usurpers of the Western Empire on the Death of *Valentinian*. 'Twas this *Alaric*, who afterwards distinguished his military Virtues by many successive Triumphs in *Italy*, and whom the Historians have transmitted down to Posterity, as a more than *second Hannibal*, in conquering and demolishing *Rome* it self.

Matters thus settled abroad, he wanted not *Instruments* enough at home ready to do their part in any hardy and desperate Enterprize. Of these *Antiochus* was the chief, one more able to disturb and annoy, than to direct and govern, and so naturally bent on Sedition and Mischief, that he is called *πονηρίας ὄργανον* the *Engine of Iniquity*: *Rufinus* had for ever engaged him to his Interest by making him *Proconsul* (or what we now call *Lord Lieutenant*) of *Greece*, where he ravaged and plundered all before him. There were many more, particularly *Gerontius*, whom he had also obliged by putting under his Care the *Streights of Thermopyla*, which, lying on the *Gulph of Ziton*, gave him the *Command of the Sea*. *Gerontius* was a Man of less Abilities than *Antiochus*, but
C 2
equally

equally zealous to promote all pernicious and treasonable Practices.

This *Attempt* not only roused *Stilico's* Indignation, who had constant Intelligence of the most minute Springs and Progresses of it ; but with good reason gave great Offence to those, who had any Regards for the *Common Safety* : And what a deplorable Circumstance is a Nation in, when its *chief Ministers* (with whom its Protection and Security are lodged) fly to *Foreigners* on every Approach of Danger, betray their Trusts, barter away the Constitution of their Country, and in Defiance of their *natural Prince* enter into rash and rebellious Treaties ?

Here I may without much Digression observe, that where *Foreigners* have been too freely admitted into any *settled Government*, they have seldom failed to alter the Manners and Religion of the People, and the Nature and Frame of the Constitution. Which is the greater Argument against *general Naturalizations*, when we consider that the *Scum* and *Dreggs*, the *Vagabonds* and *Beggars* of other Countries only take the Benefit of *such Laws*. Methods, that are proper to advance a State in its Beginning and Infancy, are often pernicious to it in its full Growth and Perfection. *Rome* owed its Rise to the Admission of the *Sabines*, and its Ruin to the Admission of the *Goths*. But

But *Rufinus* was now transported with the Hopes he entertained of supplanting *Stilico*, and dreamt of nothing less than a Crown. For he was not content to oppose him only, but according to *the usual Gratitude of Favourites*, he had of late endeavoured to lessen *Arcadius* in the Opinion of his People, to represent him as a poor weak Prince, unqualified for the Business of Empire, and by scattering vast Sums of Money had drawn some brave Troops and *Persons of Distinction* into his Faction, who were to join *Alaric*, depose *Arcadius*, and proclaim him Emperor. The Consequence of which was to be a *Military Government*, the constant Support of Usurpation, and one of the greatest Calamities a Kingdom can labour under.

Thus the Condition of Princes is more unhappy than that of private Men. Their high Station renders them incapable of receiving the Returns of Friendship, or of knowing the Hearts of those that profess it to them. Their Power of doing Good and conferring Benefits excites Ambition and Envy, where it should produce Duty and Gratitude. Nor are we to account for this on *Hobbs's* and *his Admirers* vile Notions of humane Nature in general; but rather to impute it to the particular Misfortune of Kings in the Choice of their Favourites, or to the Corruptions that are too often contracted in a Court-Education. To

To return to *Rufinus*. After he had projected this black Treason against the best of Masters, and most indulgent of Princes, he was infatuated into a Security of Success; in so much, that he had actually prepared the Donative, the Purple, and all the Ensigns of Majesty for his Investiture.

But *Gaines*, a celebrated General, and a Friend to *Stilico*, resolved to prevent the Ruin of his Country by the Destruction of *Rufinus*; and it was accordingly accomplished on the very Day he had intended to dethrone and murder *Arcadius*.

After the Soldiers (who were his willing Executioners) had killed him, there was no vile or contemptuous Treatment wanting to insult his dead Body. His Head was fixed on the Point of a Lance, and his mangled Carcass lay exposed in the Streets to the Fury of the Multitude. A common Soldier cut off his right Hand, and had so contriv'd it that by drawing the Sinews, which moved the Fingers, he could make it grasp any thing at Pleasure. With this Hand, so used to receive Bribes, he went about begging Alms, and crying at every Door *δοτε τῷ ἀπλήσῳ*, Remember a poor insatiable Wretch. The People, pleased with any thing that ridiculed and exposed the Memory of *Rufinus*, applauded the Fellow for his Ingenuity, and bestowed their

Such was the End of *this mighty Favourite*; and it may be of Instruction to *others*, that *Covetousness* can never amass Riches sufficient, nor Policy form *Alliances* strong enough, to secure them at last from the Resentments of an injured and oppressed Nation. They may see the fatal Effects of Ambition and Avarice, and the natural Instability of *new* and sudden *Greatness*. They may learn, that the Favours of good *Princes* are not longer to be relied on by *their Ministers*, than they give Satisfaction, and do Justice to their Subjects.

Arcadius, after he came to reflect fully on the Iniquity of *Rufinus's* Actions, expressed an utter Detestation of his Memory, attainted his Blood, seized his House, and confiscated his Estate. But he permitted his *Wife* and *Daughter* (*Objects* below his Royal Vengeance) to steal into a Sanctuary, where with Difficulty they were preserved from the Rage of the People, to whom they had made themselves obnoxious and hateful by their excessive Covetousness, Pride and Insolence.

Now *Stilico* directed the Councils of the *Eastern* and *Western* Empire without a *Rival*, and shewed the good Disposition of his Ministry by endeavouring to compose *Wars* and Tumults; and to restore *Peace* and Happiness to the *Romans*.

From this single Instance, it would be easy to demonstrate, that a *Favourite-Ministry* is fundamentally destructive of good Government and equally pernicious to the Prince and to the People.

To the Prince, in that it indangers his Crown, devests him of his Sovereignty, betrays him into a Neglect of his best Friends, gives a low Idea of his Abilities, begets a Contempt of his Person, and in a Word, makes him the Tool *Tacitus* describes *Claudius Cæsar*, *Princeps cui non iudicium, non odium est, nisi inditum ac jussam*: i. e. A Prince that is neither allowed the Use of his Reason, nor the Freedom of his Passions, but is taught even to love and hate.

To the People, in that it shuts up all Access to the Throne, destroys their Fundamental Rights, delivers them over to the Tyranny of their Fellow-Subjects, renders the whole Administration partial, and consequently unjust and oppressive.

Constantine the Great was so convinced of these Truths, and so skilled in the Policies of Government, that upon the first Murmurs and Remonstrances of the People against his Ministers and Favourites for their insatiable Avarice, and Misapplication of the Publick Money, he issued out the following Edict, which *Baronius* calls *Sanctio sanctissima, digna sanè, quæ ad velum cuiusque Principis quæ foribus affigatur, cum sapè contingat*

*ingrat bonos Principes Aulicorum Ministrorum
& Magistratum perperam gestis rebus enormiter
infamari. A most righteous Law, and worthy
to be engraven on the Gates of all Royal Palaces.
For it too often happens, that the best Princes
suffer grievously in their Characters by the Male-
Administration of their Courtiers, Ministers, and
Magistrates.*

A D

UNIVERSOS PROVINCIALES.

S*l quis est cujuscunque Loci Ordinis Dignita-
tis, qui se in quemcunque Judicium Comi-
tum Amicorum vel Palatinorum meorum ali-
quid veraciter & manifestè probare posse confidit,
quod non integrè atque justè gessissè videatur. In-
trepidus & securus accedat. Interpellat me. Ipse
audiam omnia, Ipse cognoscam: Et si fuerit com-
probatum, Ipse me vindicabo. Dicat securus, &
benè sibi conscius dicat. Si probaverit, ut dixi,
Ipse me vindicabo de Eo, qui me usque ad hoc tem-
pus simulatâ integritate deceperit: Illum autem,
qui hoc providerit & comprobaverit, & dignita-
tibus & rebus augebo. Ita mihi summa Divini-
tas semper propitia sit, & me incolumem præstet;
ut cupio, fœlicissimâ & florente Republicâ.*

TO

All Our SUBJECTS

Throughout the

PROVINCES.

IF there be any Person, of what Place Condition or Quality soever, that can truly and fully prove any of Our *Judges, Generals, Favourites, or Courtiers*, guilty of undue and corrupt Practices in the Execution of their respective Trusts, let him with all Freedom and Security approach the Throne, and appeal to Us. We Our selves will hear and take Cognizance of all, and, if the Facts be proved, will do Our selves Justice. Let him accuse them with all Freedom and Security. For, as We said, if he make good his Allegations, We will not fail to do Our selves Justice on *the Man*, that shall be found to have imposed on Us with *specious, but deceitful, Counsels*. And for his Encouragement, that shall make such Discovery, We will amply reward him with Honours and Riches. So may the Divine Providence ever protect Our Royal Person, and make Us happy in the flourishing Condition of Our Empire.

Here

Here the *Prerogative of the Prince*, and the *Liberty of the Subject* (which some *Republican Schemes* make incompatible) are vindicated in the same Breath; and no doubt when rightly understood they will be owned to be the best Guardians of each others *Prerogative*, if it was not bounded by *Liberty*, wou'd be apt to grow into *Tyranny*; and *Liberty*, if it was not restrained by *Prerogative*, wou'd as naturally run into *Anarchy*. *Intrepidus & securus accedat, interpellat me, ipse audiam omnia* expresses a very tender Sense of the *Salus-Populi*, and is what a Subject could only ask of his Prince. *Ipse me vindicabo de eo, qui me usque ad hoc tempus simulatâ integritate deceperit*, is the Voice of Majesty, and what a Prince ought to say and do in Assertion of himself and his *Sacred Authority*.

When *this Edict* was published, the *Romans* were in no very free State, and yet we see what ample Satisfaction they received from an absolute and unlimited Prince. Nor did he think it any Diminution of his Sovereignty to deliver up his *chief Favourites* to the just Complaints of his People. For they cou'd not, with all their Subtlety and Influence, impose that false and odious Maxim upon him; *That an Enquiry into publick Mismanagements was affrontive to Majesty*. On the contrary, he knew such Doctrines were advanced, by

those only who meant their own Security, more than his Service; and who would make Princes accountable for the Actions of their Ministers, which is a State of Bondage inconsistent with the Principles and Nature of Monarchy.

Now whether *this Law* is a Patern for *succeeding Kings* lets absolute than *Constantine*; whether, when their *Favourites* became *perfidious* and *insolent*; when their *Judges* give *false* and *illegal Judgments*; when their *Treasurers* squander and misapply the *Publick Money*; when their *Vice-Roys* plunder the *Provinces* they should protect; when their *Generals* for mean and sordid Ends protract expensive and *bloody Wars*; whether in *such Circumstances*, Mercy should prevail over Justice, is, with all Deterrence, submitted to *those*, whose Duty and Business it is to assist Princes with their Counsels, and to redress *National Grievances*.

But to discuss *the Topicks* above named at large would require a Volume, and that is not intended here. Besides they might be illustrated with more *modern Examples* than this of *Rufinus*; which, as they are of nearer Concernment to us, may hereafter deserve our Enquiry and Examination.

As to the Poem annexed to this Treatise, I shall say little of it. The *Original* wants no Commendation, and perhaps the *Translation* deserves

deserves none. But whoever understands the Author, and will give himself the Trouble of comparing them, will find that I have so industriously avoided all Paraphrase, a very few Lines excepted, that I have contracted the Sense in many Passages, and have every where endeavoured to render his Meaning with as little Variation as possible. So that I shall not think my self obliged to account for any *Applications* or *Parallels* other Readers may make.

Some *Commentators* have conjectured, that *Claudian* in drawing this Piece had more Persons in view than one, and their Opinion seems to be favoured by the three distinct Characters, which are represented in it, viz.

-----*Prodigium cunctis immanius Hydris,
Tigride mobilius feta, violentius Austris,
Acrius Harpyiis, restuis incertius undis.*
A Prodigy from Savage-Parents sprung,
Imperuous as a Tygres new with Young,
Fierce as the Hydra, fickle as the Flood,
And keen as meagre Harpies for their Food.

In these Lines methinks we have the Description of an *imperious violent Woman*, and nothing can give us a more lively Idea of the Fury, the Impatience, the Malice, and the Mutability of the Sex, than they do.

*Linguisque trifidulis
Mollia lambentes finxerunt ora Ceraestæ,*

*Meque etiam tradente dolos artemque nocendi
Et didicit simulare fidem, vultusque minaces
Protegere, & blando fraudem pretextere risu.*

Whilst my horn'd Serpents round his Visage play'd,
His Features form'd, and there their Venom shed.
Whilst I infusing breath'd into his Heart
Deceit, and Craft, and every hurtful Art,
Taught him tⁿ involve his Soul in secret Clouds,
With false dissembling Smiles to veil his Frauds.

Here we have the Picture of a *sovereign, ill-look-
ed gloomy Statesman*, full of Craft and Dissimu-
lation.

*Congesta cumulantur Opes, Orbisque rapinas
Accipit una domus, populi servire coacti,
Plenaque privato succumbunt Oppida regno.*

*Crescebat scelerata sitis, pradaque recentis
Incestus flagrabat amor, nullusque petendi
Cogendive pudor, crebus perjuria nectit,
Blanditiis ; sociat perituro fœdere dextras.*

Treasures immense he hoards, ---- erects a Tow'r }
To lodge the plunder'd World's collected Store ; }
Unmeasur'd is his Wealth, unbounded is his Pow'r }

No Bribes his growing Appetite can satiate,
For new Possessions new Desires create.
No Sense of Shame, no Modesty restrains,
Where Avarice or where Ambition reigns.
When with strict Oaths his profer'd Faith he binds,
False are his Vows, and treach'rous his Designs.

This is the Character of a *rapacious, corrupt, unsatisfied Favourite, smooth-tongued and false-hearted.*

But let the Criticks reconcile these Differences, and entertain themselves with what Speculations they please. If the Poet has been prophetical, and the Vices of *Rufinus's* Age are again flourishing in ours: If *the insatiable Avarice* here described should be found in one, the *dark and designing Temper* in another, the *Female Impetuosity and Love of Revenge* in a third, then this Translation is seasonable; if not, I have diverted a few leisure Hours, and it lies in common with other *Versions* of the Ancients.

R U-

[illegible]

25

RUFINUS:
OR, THE
FAVORITE:
A
POEM.

Translated from **CLAUDIAN.**

RUFINUS:
OR THE
EAVORITE
A
POEM.

Translated from CLAUDIAN.

R U F I N U S.

OFT, as I wondring stand, a secret Doubt
 Puzzles my Reason, & distracts my Thought,
 Whether this lower World by *Chance* does
 Or guided by the guardian Hand of *Jove*. (move,
 When I survey the World's harmonious Frame,
 How Nature lives immurably the same;
 How stated Bounds, and ambient Shores restrain
 The rowling Surges of the briny Main;
 How constant Time revolves the circling Year;
 How Day and Night alternately appear;
 Then am I well convinc'd some secret Soul,
 Some *first* informing Pow'r directs, the Whole;
 Some great *Intelligence*, who turns the Sphears,
 Who rules the steddly Motion of the Stars,
 Who decks with borrow'd Beams the waning Moon;
 But fills with native Light th'unchanging Sun,
 Who hangs the Earth amidst furrounding Skies,
 And bids her various Fruits in various Seasons rise.

But soon as I reflect on human State,
 How blind, how unproportion'd is our Fate.
 How *ill Men*, crown'd with Blessings, smoothly pass
 A golden Circle of delightful Days;
 How *good Men* bear the rugged Paths of Life,
 Condemn'd to endless Cares, to endless Strife:
 Then am I lost again, Religion fails,
 Then *Epicurus* bolder *Scheme* prevails;

Which

Which thro' the Void makes wandring Atoms dance,
 And calls the medley World the Work of *Chance*.
 Which God's eternal Providence denies,
 And feigns him nodding in the distant Skies.

At length *Rufinus* Fate my Doubt removes,
 And God's Existence and his Justice proves.
 Nor do I longer undeceiv'd complain,
 The Wicked flourish, and triumphant reign ;
 Since they to Fortune's heights are rais'd alone,
 To rush with greater Ruin headlong down.

But here instruct thy Bard, *Pierian Dame*,
 Whence, and of whom, the dire *Contagion* came.

ALECTO'S Breast with Rage and Envy glows,
 To see the World posses'd of sweet Repose.
 Down to the dreary Realms below she bends,
 There summons a *Cabal* of Sister-Fiends.
 Thither unnumber'd *Plagues* direct their Flight,
 The cursed Progeny of Hell and Night.
 First *Discord* rears her Head, the Nurse of War,
 Next *Famine* fiercely stalks with haughty Air ;
 Then *Age* scarce drags her Limbs, scarce draws her
 Breath,

But tott'ring on approaches neighbouring *Death*.
 Here groans *Disease*, with inbred Tortures worn,
 There *Envy* snarls, and Others *good* does mourn, }
 There *Sorrow* sighs, her Robe to ratters torn.
Fear skulks behind, and trembling hides her Face,
 But *Rashness* headlong thrusts her Front of Brass.
 Then *Luxury*, Wealth's Bane, profusely shines,
 Whilst *Want*, attending in a Cloud, repines.
 A Train of sleepless self-tormenting *Cares*,
 Daughters of meagre *Avarice*, appears ;
 Who, as around their wither'd Neck they cling,
 Confess the Parent Hag from whence they spring.

Here *Ills* of each malignant Kind resort,
A thousand Monsters guard the dreadful Court.

Amidst th' *Infernal Crowd* ALECTO stands,
And a deep Silence awfully commands.
Then, in tumultuous Terms, like these, exprest.
A Passion long had swell'd within her Breast.

Shall we supine permit these *peaceful Days*
So smooth, so gay, so undisturb'd to pass?
Shall Pity melt, shall Clemency controul
A Fury's fierce and unrelenting Soul?
What do our Iron Whips, our Brands avail?
What all the horrid Implements of Hell?
Since mighty *Jove* debars us of his *Skies*,
Since *Theodosius* too his *Earth* denies.

Such were the Days, and so their Tenour ran,
When the first happy *golden Age* began,
Virtue and *Concord* with their Heav'nly Train,
With *Piety* and *Faith* securely reign:

Nay *Justice*, in imperial Pomp array'd,
Boldly explores this everlasting Shade.
Me she insulting menaces and awes,
Reforms the World, and vindicates her Laws.

And shall we then, neglected and forlorn,
From ev'ry Region banish'd, idly mourn?
Assert your selves, know what and whence you
are,

Attempt some glorious Mischief worth your care,
Involve the Universe in *endless War*.

Oh! that I could in Stygian Vapours rise.
Darken the Sun, pollute the balmy Skies;
Let loose the Rivers, deluge ev'ry Plain,
Break down the Barriers of the roaring Main,
And shatter Nature into Chaos once again.

So rag'd the Fiend, and toss'd her Vipers round,
Which hissing pour'd their Poisons on the Ground,
A Murmur thro' the jarring Audience rung,
Diff'rent Resolves from diff'rent Reasons sprung.

So when the Fury of a Storm is past,
When the rough Winds in softer Murmurs waft ;
So sounds, so fluctuates the troubled Sea,
As the expiring Tempest plows its way.

MEGÆRA rising then address'd the Throng,
To whom Sedition, Tumult, Rage belongs ;
Whose Food is Entrails of the guiltless Dead,
Whose Drink is Children's Blood by Parents shed,
She scorch'd *Alcides* with a frantick Flame,
She broke the Bow the savage World did tame,
She nerv'd the Arm, she slung the deadly Dart,
When *Arhamas* transfix'd *Learcus* Heart :

She prompted *Agamemnon's* monstrous Wife
To take her injur'd Lord's devoted Life.

She breath'd Revenge and Rage into the Son,
So did the Mother's Blood the Sires atone.

She blinded *OEdipus* with kindred Charms,
Forc'd him incestuous to a Mother's Arms.

She stung *Thyestes*, and his Fury fed,

She taught him to pollute a Daughter's Bed,

Such was her Dreadful Speech -----

Your Schemes nor practical, nor lawful are,
With Heav'n and *Jove* to wage unequal War.

But if the Peace of Man you wou'd invade,

If o'er the ravag'd Earth Destruction spread,

Then shall *Rufinus*, tram'd for every Ill,

With your own Vengeance execute your Will,

A Prodigy from Savage-Parents sprung,

Impetuous as a Tygres new with young,

Fierce as the Hydra, fickle as the Flood,
And keen as meagre Harpies for their Food.

Soon as the Infant drew the vital Air,
I first receiv'd him to my nursing Care;
And often he, when tender yet, and young,
Cry'd for the Teat, and on my Bosom hung:
Whilst my † horn'd Serpents round his Visage play'd,
His Features form'd, and there their Venom shed.
Whilst I infusing breath'd into his Heart
Deceit, and Craft, and every hurtful Art,
Taught him t'involve his Soul in secret Clouds,
With false dissembling Smiles to veil his Frauds.

Not dying Patriots Tortures can assuage

His inborn Cruelty, his native Rage:

Not *Tagus* yellow Torrent can suffice

His boundless and unsated Avarice:

Nor all the Metal of *Pactolus* Streams,

Nor *Hermus* glitt'ring as the solar Beams.

If you the Stratagem propos'd approve,

Let us to Court this *Bane of Crowns* remove.

There shall be soon, with his intriguing Art,

Guide uncontroul'd the willing Prince's Heart.

Nor *Numa's* Wisdom shall his Heart defend,

When the false *Fav'rite* acts the faithful Friend.

Soon as she ended the surrounding Crowd

With Peals of Joy the black Design applaud.

Now with an Adamant her Hair she bound,

With a blew Serpent girt her Vest around;

Then hasts to *Pblegethon's* impetuous Stream,

Whose pirchy Waves are Flakes of rowling Flame,

There lights a Torch, and straight with Wings

display'd,

Shoots swiftly thro' the dun *Tartarian* Glade.

A Place on *Gallia's* utmost Verge there lies,
 Extended to the Sea, and southern Skies,
 Where once *Ulysses*, as old Fables tell,
 Invok'd and rais'd th' Inhabitants of Hell;
 Where oft with staring Eyes the trembling Hind
 Sees airy Phantoms skim before the Wind.
 Hence springs the Fury into upper Skies,
 Infecting all the Region as she flies.
 She roars, and shakes the Atmosphere around,
 And Earth and Sea rebellow to the Sound.
 Then straight transforms her Snakes to silver hairs,
 And like an old decrepid * Sage appears.
 Slowly she creeps along with trembling Gate,
 Scarce can her languid Limbs sustain her weight.
 At length arriving at *Rufinus* Cell,
 Which from his monstrous Birth she knew so well;
 She mildly thus Hell's darling Hope address,
 Sooth'd his Ambition, and inflam'd his Breast.

Can sloth dissolve *Rufinus*? Canst thou pass
 Thy sprightly Youth in soft inglorious Ease?
 Know that thy better Fate, thy kinder Star,
 Does more exalted Paths for thee prepare:
 If thou an old Man's Counsel canst obey,
 The Subject-World shall own thy Sov'reign sway.
 For my enlighten'd Soul, my conscious Breast,
 Of *Magick's* secret Science is possess.
 Oft have I forc'd with mystick Midnight Spells
 Pale Spectres from their subterraneous Cells.
 Old *Hecate* attends my pow'rful Song,
 Pow'rful to hasten Fate, or to prolong;
 Pow'rful the rooted stubborn Oak to move,
 To stop the Thunder bursting from above;

* 'Tis plain by this Machine, that *Rufinus* was a Believer in Conjurers
 and Fortune-Tellers; and so *Baronius* affirms of him.

To make the rapid Flood's descending Stream
Flow backward to the Fountain whence it came:
Nor doubt my Truth. --- Behold with just surprise,
An Effort of my Art, a Palace rise.

She said, and lo ! a Palace row'ning seems
With parian Pillars, and metallick Beams,
Rufinus ravish'd with the vast Delight,
Gorges his Avarice, and glurs his Sight.
Such was his Transport, such his sudden Pride,
When *Midas* first his *golden Wish* enjoy'd,
But, as his stiff'ning Food to Metal turn'd,
He found his Rashness, and his Ruin mourn'd.

Be thou, or Man, or God, *Rufinus* said,
I follow wheresoe'r thy Dictates lead.

Then from his Hutt he flies, assumes the State,
Propounded by the Fiend, prepar'd by Fate.

Ambition soon began to lift her Head,
Soaring the mounts with restless Pinions spread:
But *Justice* conscious shuns the poison'd Air,
Where only *prostituted Tools* repair ;
Where *Srilliso* and *Virtue* not avail,
Where † *Royal Favour* stands expos'd to Sale ;
Where now *Rufinus*, scandalously great,
Loads lab'ring Nations with oppressive Weight ;
Keeps the obsequious World depending still
On the proud Dictates of his lawless Will ;
Advances those, whose fierce and factious Zeal
Prompts ever to *resist*, and to rebel ;
But those *impeaches*, who their Prince commend,
Who dauntless dare his *sacred Rights* defend ;
* Expounds *small Riots* into *highest Crimes*,
Brands Loyalty, as Treason to the Times.
An haughty Minion, mad with Empire grown ;

† *Ambitos a Principe venditis bonores.*

* *Reiguum stimulando vulnus acerbatur.*

Enslaves the Subjects, and insults the Throne.

A thousand disemboгуing Rivers pay
Their everlasting Homage to the Sea,
The Nile, the *Rhine*, the Danube, and the *Thames*,
Pour constant down their tributary Streams:

But yet the Sea confesses no Increase,
For all is swallow'd in the broad Abyss.

So craving still *Rufinus* Soul remains,
Tho' fed with Showrs of Gold, and Floods of Gains,
For he despoils and ravages the Land,
No State is free from his rapacious Hand.

Treasures immense he hoards, ---erects a * Tow'r
To lodge the plunder'd World's collected Store;
Unmeasur'd is his Wealth, unbounded is his Pow'r

O whither wouldst thou rove, *mistaken Man*?
Vain are thy Hopes, thy Acquisitions vain.

For now suppose thy *Avarice* posselt
Of all the Splendor of the glitt'ring *East*;
Of *Craesus* Mass of Wealth, of *Cyrus* Crown,
Suppose the Ocean's Treasure all thy own,
Still wou'd thy Soul repine, still ask for more,
Unblest with Plenty, with Abundance Poor.

Fabritius in himself, in Virtue great,
Disdain'd a Monarch's Bribe, despis'd his State.
Serranus, as he grac'd the Consul's Chair,
So could he guide the Plow's laborious Share.

The fam'd, the warlike *Curii*, deign'd to dwell
In a poor lonely Cot, an humble Cell.

Such a Retreat to me's more glorious far,
Than all thy Pomp, than all thy *Triumphs* are.

Give me my solitary native Home,
Take thou thy rising Tow'r, thy lofty Dome;

--- Orbisque rapinas
Accipit una domus. ---

Tho' there thy Furniture of radiant die
 Attracts and ravishes the curious Eye;
 Tho' each Apartment, ev'ry spacious Room
 Shines with the Glories of the *Tyrian* Loom:
 Yet here I view a more delightful Scene,
 Where Nature's freshest Bloom and Beauties Reign,
 Where the warm Zephir's genial balmy Wing
 Playing diffuses an eternal Spring;
 Tho' there thy lew'd lascivious Limbs are laid
 On a rich downy Couch; or golden Bed.
 Yet here, extended on the flowry Grass,
 More free from Care my guiltless Hours I pass.
 Tho' there thy Sycophants, a servile Race,
 Cringe at thy Levees, and resound thy Praise;
 Yet here a murm'ring Stream, or warbling Bird,
 To me does sweeter Harmony afford.

Nature on all the Pow'r of Bliss bestows,
 Which from her bounteous Source perpetual flows
 But he alone with Happiness is blest,
 Who knows to use it rightly when possess'd,
 A Doctrine, if well pois'd in Reasons Scale,
 Nor Luxury nor Wars would thus prevail;
 Nor would our *Fleets* so frequent plow the Main
 Nor our *embattled Armies* strow the Plain.

But Oh *Rufinus* is to reason blind!
 A strange Hydropick Thirst inflames his Mind:
 No Bribes his growing Appetite can sate,
 For new Possessions new Desires create:
 No Sense of Shame, no Modesty restrains,
 Where *Avarice*, or where *Ambition* reigns.
 When with strict Oaths his proser'd Faith he binds,
 False are his Vows, and treach'rous his Designs.

Now should a Patriot rise, his Pow'r oppose,
 Should he assert a sinking Nation's Cause,
 He stirs a Vengeance, nothing can controul,
 Such is the Rancour of his haughty Soul,
 Fell as a Lioness in *Lybia's* Plain,
 When tortur'd with the Jav'lines pointed Pain:

Or a spurn'd Serpent, as his fangs along
With Lightning in her Eyes, and Poison in her Tongue;
Nor will whole Families eras'd Justice,
But Provinces and Cities he destroys;
But urg'd with blind Revenge, and settled Hate,
He labours the Confusion of the State,
Subverts the Nation's old establish'd Frame,
Explodes her Laws; abolishes her Name.

If e'er in Mercy he pretend to save
A Man pursu'd by Faction from the Grave,
Then he invents new Punishments, new Pains,
Condemns to Silence, and from Truth restrains;
Then Racks and Pillories, and Bonds and Bars,
Then Ruin and *Impeachments* he prepares.
O dreadful Mercy, more than Death severe!
That doubly tortures whom it seems to spare.

All seem enslav'd, all bow to him alone,
Nobles dare their Hate their just Resentments own;
But inward mourn, their Sighs and Pangs confin'd,
Which with Convulsive Sorrows tear the Mind.
Every is mute. — 'Tis Treason to disclose
The baneful Source of their eternal Woes.

But *Scilico's* Superior Soul appears
Unshock'd unmov'd by base ignoble Fears.
He is the Polar Star, directs the State,
When *Persia's* rage, and *Publick Tempests* beat;
He is the safe Retreat, the sweet Repose,
Can sooth and calm afflicted Virtue's Woes.
He is the solid firm unshaken Force,
That only knows to stem th'Invasion's Course.
So when a River, swell'd with Winter Rains,
The Limits of its wonted Shore disdains;
Bridges and Stones and Trees in vain oppose,
With unrelent'd Rage the Torrent flows:
But as it rowling meets a mighty Rock,
Whose fix'd Foundations can repel the Shock;
Elided Surges roar, its Eddies round,
The Rock unmov'd reverberates the Sound.

*Exjundenda est
Fandisus, & Gentis nomen delere laborat.*